# SUNLIGHT MISSION

## MESSAGES FROM MESSENGERS

MARY MCLEAN | MARYETTA REESIDE (AIM-DAY-CO) | ADELLA WILLIAMS

## OUR MESSENGERS

# SUNLIGHT MISSION.

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The story of the opening of Sunlight Mission among the Hopi Indians of Arizona is told in another little pamphlet, entitled "Sunlight Mission—Sought, Found, Opened." It is our purpose to let the missionaries who have been sent to them tell the story of the first year's experiences on this field; but, first, we want you to know how the

### INDIANS AT SADDLE MOUNTAIN

received the news. Miss Crawford told this in a letter written in November, 1901.

"To-day," she wrote, "I spoke to the Kiowas on the 'Great Commission,' and between 'Go ye into all the world' in the morning, and 'Lo, I am with you' in the afternoon, I wedged your account of your trip in search of Sunlight Mission. The Indians were so interested that Odlepaugh never slept a minute in either meeting. Their eyes stood out, their heads bent forward, their hearts swelled, and big sighs came up every now and then. When I read of their superstitious beliefs they laughed and seemed to understand so well what it meant.

"At the close of the talks I called for special prayers, and then for messages for you. The response was as quick as a flash.

"One man said, 'I am glad to hear this news to-day. If all of us Christians would stand together and follow Jesus how much better it would be for us. It will be hard for them. When I first heard the Gospel I was awful mad, but after it got into my heart it was so sweet, like good fruit.

"Tell those missionaries not to get discouraged, but to go ahead and tell the Gospel, and after a while they will hear, 'We have found out that the Jesus road is the right road to take,' and they will, too. I hope they will find it soon and be saved.

"A woman said, 'I have been working with my own hands and I have brought forty-five cents of work money to Jesus for his church. Jesus is our helper. He has helped me and I am getting better and better every day. My heart is so happy to hear the good news to-day to send the Gospel to another tribe.'

"I tell you the new mission is going to carry our Indians heavenward. They do not realize how helpful it is now to them. When our buildings are

up and we are all comfortable that mission will be their hope and stay. They must be shifted to other interests, though. I have told them very little yet about the foreign work, and that must come in their 'Christian Culture Course.'

"If they learn these lessons that are to be as thoroughly as they are learning their present portions, they will positively be a marvel in missions."

After Christmas Lucius Aitsan, the interpreter, wrote: "The Christmas service is over. Our hearts began to get big in the morning and kept getting bigger, getting bigger, getting bigger, till Jesus got His birthday present at night. The Jesus tent was too small and we got another big tent and put beside it, and they were both full. A lot of us gave strong talks to the unconverted at all three services and one young man raised his hand for prayer. The light is shining at Saddle Mountain, and this Christmas Sunlight Mission is born. It is our child, and we will try to take good care of it for Jesus' sake."

And he sent $10.10, the part of their birthday present for Jesus, designated for Sunlight Mission. By the way, this may be a good place for the first message from the first messenger, Miss Mary McLean.

## CHRISTMAS AT SUNLIGHT MISSION.

My first Christmas at Sunlight Mission is over. It was not all glad, for I had been on the field only a little over a month, and the friends could not know that I was here until December TIDINGS should bear the news to them, and this left no time this year for them to get Christmas barrels, boxes, and bundles to Sunlight Mission, one hundred miles from the nearest railroad station. We feel sure that you will begin early this year and that next Christmas we shall be able to make glad the hearts of every Hopi man, woman, and child who shall be present at our Christmas exercises. By that time we hope to be able to tell you that some of them have left their heathenism and are walking in the Jesus road.

The Hopis are a poor people, not only in things spiritual but in things temporal. How they manage to make a living is a wonder; white men would starve if they had to depend on the resources within reach of these Indians for a subsistence. They are the most active Indians I have ever seen. They don't mind running 30 miles in a day, and they are always wanting to work. The country is a dreary, barren waste, and the people pitiably superstitious and degraded.

But this is a Christmas letter, so I will not attempt to tell you about the poor, bare homes on the mountain tops, where wood, water, and even the sand necessary for building purposes have to be carried up on the backs of burros, or by the people themselves. Miss Ritter, the field matron, and I worked hard to give these people some kind of a Christmas out of the very little we had to work with. We cut up our own blankets, sheets, aprons, and everything that could be used for garments for the women and little children. I reached the Mission November 17th, and between that and Christmas we made 140 garments, besides getting settled and attending to our other duties.

Among our other duties was the entertaining of 1,446 callers. We two women could not afford to give a dinner on Christmas, as everything costs so much, so we got candy. The poor men had to be left out and one man said they all sat with their heads down. It was hard for them, and hard for us, but we had nothing to give.

There are three villages on this mesa. Two are quite near, so the day before Christmas was given to them. The rain made the day a little unpleasant to us, but the Hopis were delighted. It showed that our Christmas Katchena (spirit) was kind, as rain is the greatest of all blessings to the Hopis. If it had been windy they would have thought it was because we did not give presents to the men. December 25th we spent in packing and arranging gifts, lunch, and everything necessary for our trip next day to the third village.

HOPI MOTHER.

The double burden on the back of the woman is the baby and the jar of water which she must carry to her home on the mesa. The boy following is her son.

Early Thursday morning an Indian came with four burros, three for passengers and one to be utilized as a freight car. We spent quite an interesting day, at least it was interesting to me, as it was my first attempt to ride a burro. Mr. Viets, the principal of the school, and his daughter joined us at the school, where we had our pictures taken; but I feel as if I could remember the experiences of the day for some time without a picture.

Now, I am quite sure you will not let us spend another Christmas with bowed heads and heavy hearts. Of course the distance is great to send supplies, and freight high, but the need and opportunity are equally great; the scarcity of garments is appalling. The usual wardrobe for a new babe is a little Hopi blanket about a yard square and not much softer than rag carpet, with pads made out of cedar bark, to keep the little body from the board. We can use almost anything you can send in the nature of clothes for men, women, and *little* children; the school children are provided for by the government. Do *not* send Sunday school cards and papers. They are heavy and the transportation expensive, and we already have enough to last for years. Neither send tight waists or jackets. The women will not, can not, wear them. Picture scrap-books will be very acceptable if made on strong paper. If made on muslin the men will make them into shirts. The men do the sewing here.

All freight and express for Sunlight Mission should be sent to Holbrook, Arizona. From here it will be carried by freighters to the Mission. Yours with love. MARY MCLEAN.

## PEEPS INTO SUNLIGHT MISSION.

Could we have peeped into "Sunlight Mission" headquarters, a little cottage of three rooms, early in March, we would have found our one "Jesus woman," Miss McLean, all alone, as Miss Ritter had been called to another mesa. She was not afraid, because these Indians are very friendly, but some of their customs are very startling. She writes that at this time they are having their annual races, and after the conclusion of the regular race the contestants, some of them, start for the mission house, thinking that the missionary will bestow gifts upon those who get there first. After this they go to their mesas and partake of a feast. These races are quite as apt to occur on Sunday as any other day.

Miss McLean also writes about a bean dance which has just been celebrated. Beans are planted, and after about twelve days, while the tiny plants are very tender, they have the celebration, which is intended to instill in the hearts of the children a belief in, and fear of, the Katch-e-nas, or spirits. About sunset on the eventful evening all of the little children under three or four years of age have their hair cut, so that the Katch-e-nas will know them to be obedient. If any child appears with hair unclipped he is taken to the "kevas," underground rooms, where mysterious services are performed, and given a hard whipping by men who are dressed to represent these evil spirits.

All night the men are dancing and acting the part of "evil spirits," and early in the morning one of them calls at each home and gives a little bunch of the green beans to the mother. She shows them to the children and then puts them away carefully in some place where she has already hidden a *large* quantity of the same beans. In a short time she goes and brings them all out, teaching the children that the Katch-e-nas had made the little bunch grow, in so short a time, until there is enough for the family dinner.

Another peep and we see forty of these people gathered in "Sunlight Mission" for an all-day sewing meeting. Some of them sew for seven hours without stopping to eat, and as they go home we hope they have taken with them some thought of Jesus who leads us in straight roads and not in ways of darkness as their Katch-e-nas do.

Miss McLean speaks hopefully of the little Sunday school at the mission but says that for a time the work must be in personal interviews rather than in large gatherings, as neither people nor interpreter can, as yet, be relied on. Just now the interpreter is very happy in having been made the father of twin boys, and thinks he must pay special attention to the Katch-e-nas, or spirits. Miss McLean is trying to make him understand that every good gift comes from the one true and living God. "Poor Hopis! They are so blind!" is her conclusion. Yes, but Jesus came to open the eyes of the blind. Let us pray that He may open the blind eyes of many of these Indians.

## AIM-DAY-CO'S FIRST MESSAGE.

Aim-day-co is Miss Reeside's Indian name. It means, "Turn this way," and was given to her first by Big Tree, who said that she found the Kiowas in the dark and on the wrong road, and cried to them, "Turn this way!" and showed then the Jesus road. Aim-day-co has not been well enough to work on a mission field for about two years, but is getting stronger, and when she heard of the Hopis, and the need of some one to help Miss McLean in getting work among them started, she said, "I will go and remain six months if God will give me strength." So she went, reaching the mission early in March, 1902, and here is her first message:

*My Dear Miss Burdette:*

I have borrowed some paper and a pen from Miss McLean to let you know of my safe arrival at Sunlight Mission. I left the railroad at Holbrook on Wednesday. Miss McLean had written me that Mr. Boyer would bring me out to the mesa. I had no trouble in finding him, for Holbrook consists of a few adobe and frame houses, with a couple of stores and a Chinese restaurant. We could not start that day as a terrific sand-storm had set in. The next morning he loaded a wagon with my trunk, a barrel, and some books which had come for Miss McLean besides a few edibles which she had sent for. Mr. Boyer was undecided about starting even then, as the weather still looked unsettled. However, about ten o'clock we set off, Mrs. Boyer having loaned me a woolen scarf for my head and a blanket shawl, and putting a hot brick at my feet. We did not make very fast time as the load was heavy and the sand-storm of the previous day had almost obliterated the trail in places. Such a different land from Oklahoma! Such a desolate waste, without a fence or house or sign of human life—I did not even see a coyote, prairie dog, rabbit, or bird. The only living things I saw were a few sheep, feeding on sage-brush and tended by a Navajo Indian. I thought it only needed a few camels and Arabs to look like the Sahara, but I suppose that is level, while this is in all sorts of irregular forms. There is no doubt it is the bed of what was once a great ocean. I spoke to Mr. Boyer of the barrenness of the country, but he stood up for it and assured me that this land would raise anything if they could only get water on it.

At one o'clock we ate lunch and the horses were fed, then we started again. Dark overtook us and as it was cloudy not a star gave a ray of light. At times Mr. Boyer walked at the horses' head to keep them in the trail. Every time the wagon gave a jolt I had visions of being upset in a cañon or some of the washed-out places I had noticed. At last we came to the only stopping place in the hundred miles between the railroad and the Mission—"Bit-te-hoo-che" or "Red Rock," a little trading-post at the foot of a great red cliff. It is a little long, low building of the same material as the cliff, and can scarcely be distinguished from it even in the daytime.

I was glad to get to the wood fire in the rock fireplace. They gave us a supper of bacon and beef, after which they took the bedding off the one bed, brought in a lot of new Indian blankets from the store, spread these on the bed (no sheets) and provided a pillow with a dark calico cover. A pitcher

of water and basin were placed on a chair and I was left alone to my dreams, which should have been flowery as the blankets were all colors of the rainbow.

After breakfast next morning we again started on our journey and went about five miles. It had snowed in the night and that with the drifted sand made the roads very heavy. The horses, too, were tired from the day before; a cold north wind blew directly in our faces, and in this high altitude was very penetrating, so Mr. Boyer said we must turn back to Red Rock. We could not reach the mesa that day and there was no place to stop for shelter on the way. So back we went.

The next day was mild and clear An Indian was hired to bring the load and Mr. Boyer put his horses to the trader's buggy and brought me and my valise on. As we proceeded the sand grew deeper and the country rougher. Toward sunset the mesas came in sight—great rocky formations, flat on top, the dwelling-places of the Hopis. Just before dark we reached "Sunlight Mission," a little cottage of three rooms. Miss McLean and I were delighted to see each other, and we began at once to call each other by our Kiowa names. She had a good supper ready, and Miss Ritter rode over from the first mesa to stay all night with us.

March is the stormy month here, and the next day, Sunday, a sand-storm visited us. One could only see a short way, as the air was yellow with flying sand. In spite of this the interpreter and a few Indians came and we held a service in the cottage.

Miss McLean asked me to speak and I told them of the work among the Kiowas and how many of them had found the "Jesus road," and how anxious they were for the Hopis to know about Jesus, and how they were praying for them, and sent kind words to them. And then I spoke of Jesus, the only Savior for all mankind. The men were very attentive and asked us to come to the mesa so that all the people could hear our words.

The Hopis are a different type of Indian from the Kiowas. The Kiowas are tall, with fine physiques, broad foreheads, and well-formed heads. These people are quite small, but very friendly. They are far more degraded and superstitious than the Kiowas were; they are like pagans, and have painted Katch-e-nas or gods, representatives of spirits to whom they pray for rain and other blessings. They tell me that on their mesas they have "kevash" or underground rooms, where many of their mysterious services are performed. In August they have the snake dance, when they dance with the live reptiles about their bodies. They are wild looking, with their bright colors, barbaric ornaments, and long hair.

Nothing is too hard for God, however. His Holy Spirit can open even these blind eyes. I realize more than ever the miraculous transformation God has wrought among the Kiowas. We must remember how long they went on the war-path and had their savage dances. God brought them out of great darkness and so we have faith to believe that it is quite possible for these poor heathen to be brought to Jesus. The Kiowas pray earnestly for this tribe and we join our prayers with theirs, as we tell them of the blessed Savior.

AIM-DAY-CO.

Soon after this we received a letter from Mrs. Clouse, of the Rainy Mountain Mission, where Aim-day-co spent six hard, happy, fruitful years in leading many Kiowas out of darkness into light. Mrs. Clouse says: "It seems wonderful to think that this people to whom Miss Reeside came nearly ten years ago should be giving their mites to send her to the Hopis with the same sweet story she told so successfully to them. I have not heard one selfish remark by them about her going, when they love her so, to the other people.

Photo by George Wharton James. By courtesy of Camera Craft.

MAKING PIKI.

### MAKING PIKI.

Piki is a wafer bread peculiar to the Hopis. It is finer than the finest tortilla of the Mexican or oatcake of the Scotch. No biscuit maker in America or England can make a cracker one-half so thin. Wafer bread is thick compared with it, and yet these rude savages (?) make it with a dexterity that is as marvelous as it is hard to imitate. Cornmeal batter, in a crude earthenware bowl, is the material; a smooth, flat stone, under which a quick fire is kept burning, is the instrument, and the woman's quick fingers, spreading a thin layer of the batter over the stone, performs the operation. It looks so easy. Try it, young lady who would scorn to be regarded as inferior in anything to an Indian. I will have vaseline or other emolient ready for your blistered fingers when you have shown how quickly you can learn—how not to do it. A lady of one of my parties tried it once and failed. My cook, a stalwart Kansas City man, knew he would not fail. And he didn't. He had four of the best blistered fingers I had seen in a long time, and he has no interest now

in the manufacture of piki. But the Hopi woman just greases the stone, dips her fingers into the batter, carries them lightly and carelessly over the heated surface, and in a moment, strips the already baked sheet from the stone.

When several are baked, she folds them over and over until they are about the size of an elongated shredded wheat biscuit.—*George Wharton James in Camera Craft.*

## VISITING HOPI HOMES.

You know where our little cottage is situated on a sand hill at the foot of the second mesa. One can catch a glimpse of the strange little houses built one above the other of stone and mud on top of the mesa, and the Indians moving among the rocks in their bright blankets, or toiling up the steep trail with an earthen jar of water on their backs. I had met a great many of the Indians, for the fact that three hundred of them are very close neighbors would be sufficient to let any one who knows anything of Indians know that we see a great deal of them. In fact there is scarcely a half-hour during the day when some of them are not here. We planned to go up on the mesa last Thursday and had told an Indian to bring two burros to take us up. But when Thursday came it brought a terrific wind and sand-storm. Of course the Indian did not come as he knew it was not fit for us to go out, and the next day which was fine, he did not come, because he had not been told to do so. So we decided to go afoot. The trail is steep and climbing tiresome. It was made several hundred years ago some say when the Hopis were driven on the mesas by the Navajos and Apaches. First the trail leads in between the sand-dunes where we noticed the little gardens of the Indians walled around with stones, close to the spring from which they water them. Here, too, are some peach trees introduced by the Spanish priests over two hundred years ago. The Indians killed the priests. As we thought of the coming hot summer days we felt thankful they had spared the trees. Higher up, we came to the rocks; in places steps had been cut or built; in one place we passed through a narrow opening which looked as though the rocks had been cleft asunder. A huge bowlder had been caught above between the rocks and looked as though the least jar would cause it to fall upon us, but I suppose it has hung so for centuries. Up, up we went until we reached the village on the top. Everywhere the people were glad to see us. We saw two men carding wool, which they had shorn from their sheep. Another was spinning the wool into yarn with a primitive hand reel. In some houses the women were grinding the corn into meal upon stones. We also saw them making piki (pee-kee).

Yesterday we went to another village six miles away. Miss McLean and I were astride burros with bags and bundles tied on. The burros had no bridles so an Indian must always follow with a stick to make them keep the trail when they feel inclined to wander among the rocks or nibble at sage-brush. If they take a notion to run, all you can do is to hang on and let them go. But they do not often take such a notion. Our progress was slow and required much prodding and calling from the Indian.

The scarcity of water is apparent, for the people are very, very dirty, but it seemed to me this village looked cleaner than the others. We dismounted at one of the cleanest houses, and the inmates smiled and shook hands with us. Soon about thirty women collected and some sewing material was given them. Many brought partly pieced quilts upon which they had been working since Miss McLean's last visit, and they now received enough to complete them. This is entirely new work to them and they enjoy it greatly and really need the quilts as they sleep upon the hard stone floors and have so little bedding. If the friends who prepare and send patchwork could see what a great help it is in getting the women together so that we can talk to them, they would feel repaid for their efforts. We then opened a roll of colored pictures on the life of Jesus, and with the aid of a young woman who speaks English pretty well, we explained them to the women, who sat upon the floor. A few men were present and all seemed greatly interested. After we had eaten our lunch we visited from house to house, taking a Hopi with us so that we could talk about Jesus to them. There are so few of the Hopis who know English that it makes it very difficult to give them the truth. The young man who interprets for us now does the best he can, but we realize how little he knows when he comes here to read the Bible for his own instruction. Poor fellow, he has to spell about every fifth word. Still the Lord can use very weak means to accomplish His purposes.

INTERIOR OF HOPI HOME.
Married woman grinding corn. Maiden sitting near.

The Hopi language is not nearly as difficult as the Kiowa and Miss McLean has picked up a number of words and expressions already. She says she knows more of it in the short time she has been here than she did of Kiowa all the time she was in Oklahoma.

In order to do efficient service she really needs a pony. It is absolutely necessary to the work. Even to go up the mesa nearest us and down again completely uses up one's strength for the day, and without a pony she is entirely cut off from the villages on the other mesas. She cannot depend upon the Indian burros, for pasture being so scarce they often wander miles away and it would take an Indian a day or two to hunt them up. And then the Indian would always have to go with her to drive the burro. Last week a

little girl on this mesa was scalded, and Miss McLean climbed the steep trail for five consecutive days to dress the wound. It almost exhausted her. One day a fierce wind was blowing but she felt she ought to go. Coming down she was obliged, at one place, to lie flat down until she could get her breath, and the wind abated a little, for fear she would be blown into the rocky abyss. It seems to me when a woman has to spend her time in a desert waste of sand and rock and sage-brush, with little prospect of seeing anything green, even in summer time, except the green window shades in the cottage, that things ought to be made as comfortable as possible for her, and even then it will be hard enough. I made inquiries as to the cost of keeping a pony from the man who brought me out from the railroad. He says it would be about $10.00 per month as hay would have to be brought from the railroad and it costs $1.25 to get 100 pounds of anything hauled from the railroad here.

Strange as it may seem these Indians love this land, no doubt because it has been their home for many generations. I think they would resist strongly if the Government were to force them away from the mesas or to a more fertile country. They are much shorter in stature than the Kiowas, but very quick and active and great workers; they would have to be to get a living from a country like this; only think, that when they plant their corn they mark each hole with a stone so they will know where to dig it out in case it is covered by a sand-storm, which often happens. They are a very friendly and interesting people, but I think the work will be much slower in showing results than was that among the Kiowas. The conditions are so entirely different as well as the character of the people. The Kiowas have a deep, poetic nature and see in all the changing seasons, in the grass and flowers, the trees and sky and sun, the manifestations of one Supreme Being or the Great Spirit who made all things, although they used to worship in a blind and ignorant way. But the buffalo were gone, the Kiowas had been subdued by the Government, and their warring and raiding ended, civilization was constantly coming closer to them as the white people pushed nearer, and they and the Indians both knew that some day they must live on the same land. It seemed as though the "old Indian trail" had played out, to use a western expression, and when the Gospel was brought to them many accepted it and saw the evil of their old ways. But here the white man seldom comes except a scientist digging for ruins of pottery, or some tourist to see the snake dance. The white man is not hungry for this land; it is not worth having, and the old Indian road is undisturbed, except that the Government schools and Field Matrons have made some impression on it in the past few years. And then I suppose sand and rock, wind-swept in winter and sun-baked in summer, do not foster poetic or reverential thoughts. The principal idea in the Hopi religion seems to be to appease the spirits so they will send them rain. They are very superstitious. They believe a snake lives in each spring and that a big snake, the chief of them all, lives somewhere under ground and controls all the water in the land. They will not kill a snake for fear the chief will be angry and dry up the springs, and when they have the

snake dance in August, they think as the snakes, being let go, crawl away down the rocks and through the sand that they have gone to tell the snake chief how well they have been treated and ask him to send rains and keep the springs full. They do not seem to have a realization of spiritual needs, but they do have a great realization of temporal needs, no doubt because only rain is between them and starvation. In their underground rooms on the mesa they have their secret ceremonies. They have allowed Miss Ritter to go down when there were no services and she saw an altar painted with representations of sun, raindrops, and lightning, corn and pumpkin blossoms. On each side were figures in wood, curiously carved, to represent spirits. Before the altar were offerings of meal, baskets, blankets, corn, and other articles.

There are also men in the tribe called Katch-e-nas. They seem to me to be what other tribes call "Medicine Men." They are supposed to have a sort of supernatural power. They paint and dress in a most grotesque and horrible manner, wearing masks, some having false eyes which roll. They dance and this is part of their religion and is supposed to bring rain.

It seems that no heathen can be in greater darkness, and yet they have been and are interested in hearing about Jesus, but when they learn that Jesus wants to be the one Chief in their hearts, it seems too hard for them. But we know that all things are possible with God and that His word never returns void. Some seed will fall by the wayside and some among rocks and thorns, but surely some will fall into good ground and in the Master's own good time bear fruit. Meanwhile let us labor and pray and give, that His kingdom may come even among the Hopi Indians. AIM-DAY-CO.

## THE BELL.

Miss Reeside wrote of the difficulty of holding Sunday services on the mesa, and the advantage of having the people gather at the mission cottage; but she wrote: "We need a bell very much to let them know when Sunday comes and when to come to the service. As they have no clocks they come straggling along, some arriving after the service is over and the intrepreter gone. When Miss McLean is able she climbs up on the mesa and tells them it is time to come, but this is very hard work."

About this time Miss Patten, a very dear friend of Miss Reeside, took a long, hard trip to see her, and became very much interested in these Indians and the Mission. Seeing the need of a bell she offered to purchase one and pay to have it transported to the mission if the Society would build a tower to hang it in. The generous offer was accepted and the bell rang out its gospel invitation for the first time on the first Sunday in August (1902).

## ONE DAY'S EXPERIENCES.

So many people seem to have the idea that much of the time must hang heavily on our hands, that I thought I would write up one day's experience. Not one of our working-days when we have the women come to make quilts (of which 18 have been tacked in the last two weeks), and not a day when we have from 30 to 40 children here to sew and sing and listen to a Bible lesson, but one of the off days which we would take for letter writing or some work of our own. The day which I select had been set apart for washing, for as water is as precious ointment in this country we can only have it done once in two weeks. The day before we had told Woo-pa and his wife to come to help us and to come early. Breakfast was over and our washing assistants had not appeared. A little schoolboy came to take our letters to the Government school at Toreva, two miles away, from which place they are sent on horseback a hundred miles to the railroad. As we thought Woo-pa was not coming, we told the little boy to stop on his way to the school and tell Mokeem-sah to come and turn the washing machine for us. In about half an hour Woo-pa and his wife and Mokeem-sah all appeared and all had come to turn the washing machine. This was impracticable, but we found work for each. Woo-pa was to turn the washing machine and the other man to throw up sand around the cottage for the wind blows so continually that the sand drifts from place to place. When this was finished Mokeem-sah was to chop wood, which had been previously brought on the backs of burros from the nearest small grove of cedars, twelve miles away.

Woo-pa's wife was to go to the cellar and take the sprouts from the potatoes. A potato is a choice article of diet in this country, where so little grows and where one must subsist almost entirely on canned food, and not on any account must potatoes be allowed to sprout and be spoiled after being hauled 100 miles from the railroad. The only cellar we have is a small, roughly dug one under the kitchen; it is entered by lifting up a trap door in the floor and going down on a ladder. The trap door was left open to give light to the woman working below; several Indians coming in and having as much curiosity as children, lay prone on the floor and hung their heads and part of their bodies through the trap door to see what was going on below.

An old man whom we had seen weaving a blanket in his own home came to tell us that the blanket was finished and to ask if we would buy it. We told him we could not tell until we had seen it. When he found that he could not prevail upon us to buy without a sight, he promised to bring it for us to look at, but he could not come until sun-set when there would not be any Indian women around, for he could not be bothered having women talking when he was trying to sell anything.

He then produced from the folds of the blanket he wore, the head of a rooster which had departed this life several days before, and asked us where we had gotten it. We told him that we had bought the rooster from a Hopi, several weeks before and had fed it to make it fat and had then cut off its

Photo by George Wharton James. By courtesy of Camera Craft.

HOPI INDIAN WEAVING.

head and had cooked and eaten the body. He declared that it was his rooster and that the Hopi had stolen it and sold it to us, for he would know that rooster's head anywhere; he added, "it was a good rooster and had feathers all the way down its legs." We then assured him that the rooster we had bought, killed, and eaten could not have been the same as it had yellow legs without any feathers on them. He took our word and departed.

While this had been going on Woo-pa had been trying to extract water from the poor, pitiful little spring. It is walled around with rocks to keep the sand from filling it up, and there is a rough stone stairway to go down and then one must bend over and reach down to dip up what looks like a few gallons of water. The water has alkali in it. One wash boiler was heating in the wash house and a strong soap preparation had been put into it to "break it," and a thick scum had risen to the top. In order to make up for being late, without waiting for us to strain it, Woo-pa poured this boiling water over the clothes in the machine, and their last condition was worse than the first, for all the scum on the water was scalded on them and would not rub off, and the spring had been dipped dry so that there was no more water to wash them over; the only thing to be done was to get them rinsed and into the sunshine and comfort ourselves that, notwithstanding appearances the scum on them was not really dirt.

Dinner had to be prepared for the helpers as well as for ourselves. While

the dishes were being washed, a woman came with a flat basket to sell; it was made of Yucca or Spanish Dagger; a paper dollar was given to her for it, she looked at it very curiously and carefully, and doubted as to whether it was good, as the only dollars she had ever seen were silver, and very few of these had ever found their way into her hands. Being assured that it was perfectly good and would buy as much at the trading post as a silver dollar, she went away contented, but still wondering why all money was not silver which the mice could not eat nor the wind blow away.

In the afternoon there was brought to us a little girl who had been scalded that we might dress her wounds. For several days Miss McLean had climbed the mesa to attend to her, but now she was well enough to be carried to our cottage.

Various Indians were in and out, with many wants, from a match to a bar of soap. A man who had been cut on the head with a stone, came to have it dressed.

It was impossible to get any letters written, for the Indians kept peering over our shoulders and asking if the talk we were writing was going towards the sunrise or the sunset, or if we were writing to the President or to the Kiowas or to friends. Of course they could not be expected to know that the constant conversation and jostling against the table does not facilitate letter writing.

When the shades of evening were falling along came the old blanket man; but instead of a new blanket he had a very old and very dirty one; perhaps that was why he wished to wait till sundown. We told him we did not wish that blanket under any circumstances, as it was old and dirty. His idea of dirt did not seem to correspond to ours and he kept on assuring us that he had never worn that blanket in his life. That may have been true, but he should have added that the whole family had slept under it and it had been strapped on a burro's back, times without number. As long as we would not buy the blanket, he thought we ought, at least, to give him some bread and coffee for his long climb down the mesa. These being set before him, he ate them with a relish. He promised to bring the new blanket in the morning and asked if he should come when the first rooster crowed. We told him that he need not be in quite such a hurry. As he went out of the door with his discarded blanket over his shoulder, he sent back this parting shot, "I have never worn this blanket in my life."

And so a worker here needs plenty of patience and plenty of Christ-like love. There is nothing naturally inspiring or uplifting, for, as yet, the people seem dead in trespasses and sin, and unconscious of their condition. Everywhere the eye meets the same thing in the landscape, rock and sand—sand—sand. Not a sprig of green is to be seen, except the peach trees in among the sand-dunes. We feasted our eyes on them when they were in bloom, but alas! a freeze came one night and the Hopis say there will be no peaches this year. It has not rained since last August, and the light snows have evaporated or blown away. The sheep are dying for lack of pasture, and it is pitiful to see how weak and starved are those which still survive. The Indians fear

HOPI INDIAN IN HIS CORN-FIELD.

that there will be nothing raised this year, as, under present conditions, it would be a waste of seed to plant—it is so dry. Life with them is, indeed, a struggle for existence. Even when they have good seasons it is difficult to raise anything. Fancy a country where a stone must be placed to mark the spot where anything is planted so that it can be dug out if covered by sand constantly shifting. Then, as these Indians have no material for fencing, they must take turns watching in the fields day and night to protect their precious little crops from mice, crows, and burros. When the crop is matured it must be packed on the backs of burros and carried to the top of the mesa. The women grind the corn to meal between heavy stones; it is very hard work. They tie a stiff kind of weed into a brush with one short and one long end; with the former they brush their hair and with the other they sweep their floor. The food is placed in an earthen bowl of their own make and the family sit around it on the floor and eat with their fingers. They sleep on a sheepskin or woven rug on the stone floor. They have no tables, chairs, bedsteads, dishes or anything to make their poor homes comfortable or attractive.

Fancy little children never seeing grass enough to roll in, or a flower to pick except the peach blossoms, which they soon learn are too valuable to be touched.

But saddest of all is their heathen darkness, their degrading Katch-e-na dances, and the snake dance. One can realize something of how the Saviour felt as he wept over Jerusalem, and surely his tender love extends even to these poor lost sheep. AIM-DAY-CO.

We add a few words from Miss McLean:

We are deep in the mysteries of quilt-making, and it is quite interesting. I sent to Chicago for 100 pounds of cotton batting, and charge the women a small bucket of corn for enough to put in a quilt. They planned every way to get it for nothing; but after several had to make a return trip to the mesa to get the corn, they made up their minds to be thankful to get it so easily and cheaply. Some brought short measure, then I told them that when they were stingy with their corn I would have to be stingy with my batting. They said all manner of bad things to me and about me, but, poor things, they do not know any better, and it doesn't hurt me. We have made fourteen quilts inside of the last eight days.

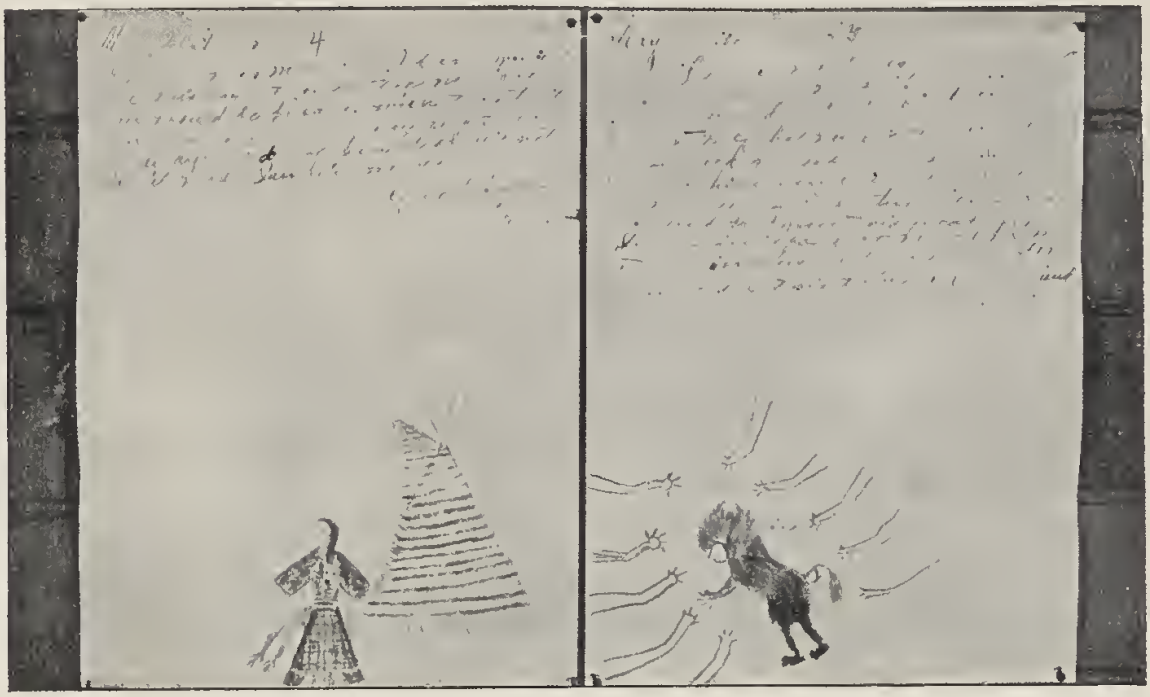
It is beautiful to see the great interest the Kiowas show in this tribe. Some who can write send letters, and others have the missionaries write their messages. Their words are most inspiring to us and do have an influence with the Hopis. Go-te-bo sent a letter which was excellent. He took eight large sheets of paper and upon each one he printed a scene from his life.


1 2 3

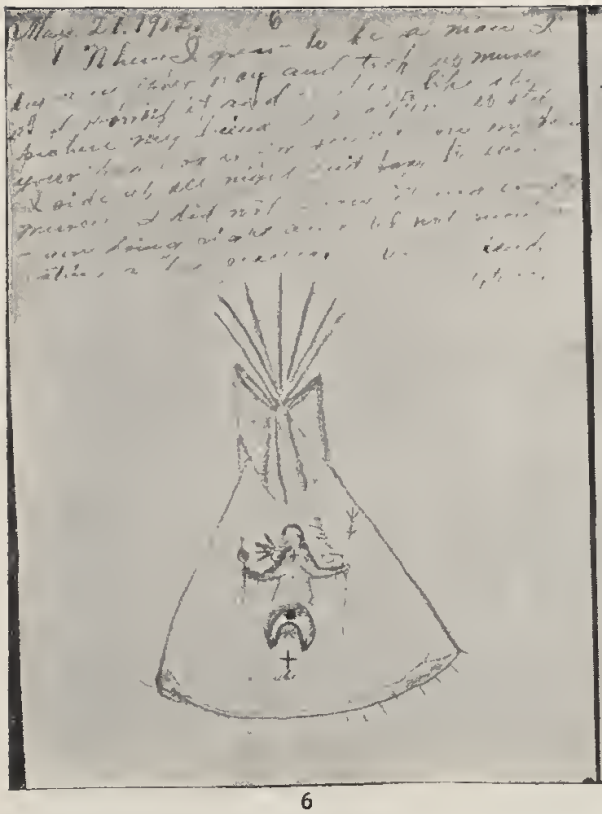
No. 1 represented him as a young warrior just starting on the war-path and full of a desire to take many scalps and become a great chief.

In No. 2 he was armed with axe and weapons with which he killed Navajos and others.

No. 3 shows him returning from the war-path with trophies.



4 5



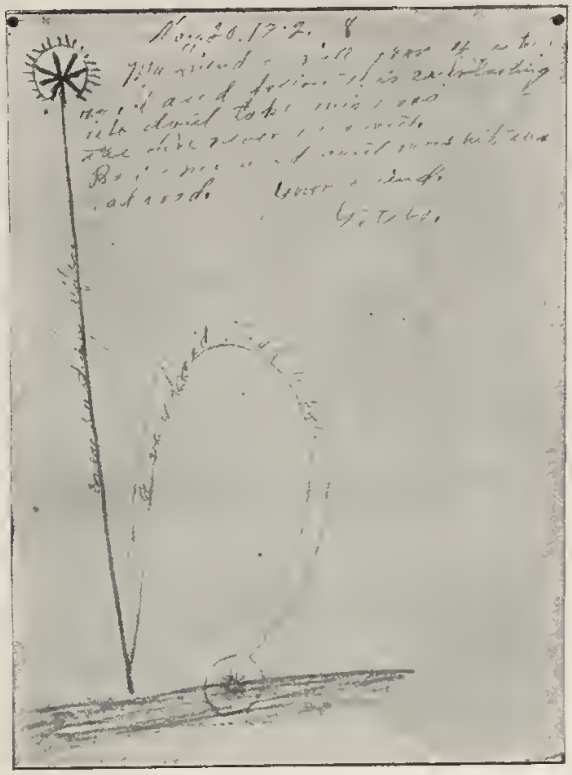
6

7

No. 4 shows his gayly painted tent and the woman he married, but soon after threw away and took another, not knowing it to be wrong.

In No. 5 he is dressed in a buffalo hide with huge horns on his head, leading the buffalo dance.

No. 6 shows him sitting in the mescal tent, eating the intoxicating drug and shaking the rattle all night.



8

GO-TE-BO AND HIS WIFE.

No. 7 represents him standing beside his present house, pointing upward where he has drawn a cross. He tells them since believing in Jesus he is happy and God has helped him also in these temporal things and watches over him every day, and he is trying to work for Jesus and tell others of Him.

No. 8 shows two roads: one straight, narrow, and leading upwards and the other broad, crooked, and leading downwards. On this page he begged the Hopis to turn from their old ways and the broad road and take the narrow road—Jesus' road that leads to everlasting life.

The Hopis have been very much interested in this letter for they can understand it and see that it is the work of an Indian. Then, too, I have a good photograph of him as he looks to-day, and many of them have learned a hymn he composed.

Lucius sends letters direct to Steve, our interpreter, and his words are beautiful, they seem really inspired. One Sunday Miss McLean read a letter from Toi-bo, in which he said he was hungry to hear that some of the Hopis were following Jesus. Miss McLean added, "Is it not sad that I must write him there is not one?" A glow came over Steve's face as he said. "I love Jesus in my heart and it makes me happy." He also told us he thinks there are others who love Jesus, but they are afraid or ashamed to say it for fear of their people. Not very many come to the service on Sunday, but we try to use every opportunity, sewing meetings, children's meetings and visiting to sow the seed even if it is but a few grains at a time.

One of the chief families at Shun-go-pa-vi is very friendly to us and our work. They are six miles from here, and we go when we can. The father told us that he wished we could live by the spring of their village so we could help the people, for he thought we were good women.

One day a man rode by upon a burro singing at the top of his voice. I wondered how he could be so happy in such a parched country with no signs of their ordinary crops. I asked him if he was singing because he was happy and he replied, "Yes, I am happy because I have a little new baby, and because you two good women give me good words every Sunday." It is such little gleams of brightness that take away from the hardships of the life. And the life is hard. There have been some days when the intense heat and glare from the sun have been almost unendurable. Some of the springs have gone dry. The springs near which are the gardens are kept dipped dry to water them. We cannot get washing done often, for we cannot collect sufficient water for the purpose. Our little spring supplies a great many. It is a poor, pitiful little hole, deep down, having been walled around from time to time with stones to protect it. It always reminds me of descending into a grave to get the water. In the high winds that so often prevail here, every kind of filth and rubbish is blown into it, for these Indians have no idea of sanitary cleanliness. It may not sound very elegant to hear these things, but it is far more inelegant to put up with them. If it was not for the extreme healthfulness of the dry air, I am sure there would be much illness simply from filth. The Indians make their presence known by their odor, and, poor things, much of this cannot be avoided. They

HOPI INDIAN WOMEN GETTING WATER.

come to wash and there is no water in the spring. A good well here is an absolute necessity.

Miss McLean and I had a most delightful visit of two days with Miss Abbott at the first mesa. It is more picturesque than our mesa as the houses are built along the edge of the bluff with not more than fifteen feet between them and the edge. How the children manage to grow up without falling over the precipice is a miracle. Walpi is very old and the tiny little houses all jumbled together tell of the time when the Indians had not even burros, but were obliged to carry on their backs all rock and sand for building, and when they had only small holes for doors and windows. That it is filthy goes without saying, when you realize that several hundred people live on an area of about one acre.

Near Walpi are two newer villages, Se-chum-vy and Tay-wa. A great deal of pottery is made by the women there. The houses are larger and better in every way, many having pulled down the old and rebuilt. The result of Miss Abbott's work was apparent in the neatness of the homes of the people. The chief seemed much interested in the kind of work we are doing. He says the Indians and white people have gone very far apart in their way of worshiping and perhaps the time will come when they will worship alike. There is absolutely no missionary work for these three villages. Of course Miss Abbott does what she can in connection with the secular work,

but when Sunday comes she is too weary with her work to hold service for them. She begs and pleads that a missionary be sent there too. She would gladly let a worker use the other half of her house which she does not use. It would be well if one could be sent. There is a rumor that the Catholics contemplate opening work.

Of course two workers are needed here. It is too intolerably wearing and lonely for one alone, and there is no longer a field matron. AIM-DAY-CO.

## ENCOURAGEMENTS.

In a recent letter I wrote you about the painted letter Go-to-be, deacon of Rainy Mt. Church, sent to these Indians.

We showed these pictures to the Indians and had "Steve Quan-es-ty-wah," our interpreter, fully explain them. They seemed much interested and the fact that it was a message from an Indian, in picture writing, which they can understand, appealed to them.

There is a Hopi man about forty years of age, named "Lo-mahn-nah-key-o-mah," who has a strong, noble face, but is partially paralyzed in his lower limbs from an illness he had some years ago. He is so lame that it is all he can do to come from the burro to the house. His little son, about seven years old, the dearest little fellow, with bright black eyes, goes everywhere with him so he can drive the burro and take care of it. This man was extremely interested in Go-te-bo's letter. He came time after time and asked to see it and the Kiowa photographs of which I had brought quite a number.

Miss McLean suggested that we let him take the letter and photographs and show them to the men on the mesa. He was delighted to do this. He had been thinking a great deal about the two roads. Every Sunday he came and seemed to drink in the words like dry earth drinks in water. Every time he came through the week he would ask us to tell him about the Bible pictures, which we keep hanging about, for, he said, he wanted to know about Jesus and be his friend.

So this earnest cripple and the little boy and the burro went to the villages about six miles to Shang-mo-po-vy in one direction, six miles to Walpi in another direction, and to the villages close by.

Down in these kevas, where the strange heathen altars are set up, places where we women could not go, went this Hopi man with the painted message from his Kiowa brother, telling them he had tried all the Indian roads and they could not save, and begging them to turn to Jesus, the only Saviour for every tribe.

In one place he severely bruised his poor, helpless foot against a rock, getting down into a keva, but he told us he did not mind the pain, he was so glad to tell the people and ask them to come on Sunday, and hear more about this way. It created a great excitement. Many said it was good for the Katch-e-nas had been trying for months and could not bring rain. Others were opposed to it. On Sunday the Indians came flocking down the mesa. The only place we have for service is the wash-house as the cottage rooms are too small. The Indians sat on boards which had been placed on

boxes; leaves from the tables and the ironing board did similar service. Three sat on the stove, and every inch of the floor was filled. Still they came. The snake-dance chief stood by the window. Crowds were outside, and many went away because there was no shelter from the fierce heat of the sun and glare from the burning sand. We had an excellent service and "Steve" seemed to put his whole heart in the work, as he interpreted. We sang in English, Kiowa and one Hopi hymn. These Indians like to learn the Kiowa hymns, the weird tunes appeal to them.

At the close the lame man made a talk and said he knew Jesus' road is the right way, and he wanted the Hopis to come every Sunday and learn it, and turn from the old ways. Another man said he thought it was good, and he believed if the Hopis should take this way the women would not quarrel so much, and say such hard words to each other. We thought him very like Adam to be pointing out the faults of the women, but were happy to have him admit it to be the right way. So many stayed that we held a second meeting after we had managed to get a bit of lunch.

We believe the people are waking up, for hitherto they have seemed so indifferent and so few came on Sunday. The lame man came down the other morning, very much troubled because some were saying hard things against him, but we told him to make his heart strong and trust in God, for it only showed the Evil Spirit was angry when he saw the Hopis turning to Jesus and was trying to keep them back. We believe the Light is beginning to shine among the Hopi Indians. More beautiful than any sunrise is it to see the coming of the Son of Righteousness with healing in His wings.

By this year of famine and suffering it may be God will show them that their Katch-e-nas are powerless to help them, and it may be He gives this opportunity to His white children to show their Christian love by helping them in their distress, and thus help them to see that God is love.

Miss McLean planned to make a shade so that it would be more comfortable for next Sunday. She got two of the young men to help her. They stretched strong wires overhead between the cottage and wash-house. Over this they placed strips of rag carpet and a large canvas wagon-sheet, which Miss McLean brought from Oklahoma. These were securely tied to the wires. It was a lot of work and the men had dinner and supper here before it was finished, but it made such a good shade. About midnight there came a terrific sandstorm; the staples were torn out, the wires beat against the house, and we feared the windows would be broken and the carpet and wagon sheet torn to shreds. Hastily throwing on some clothing, we rushed to the rescue, and with the wind coming with terrible violence and the flying sand and pebbles cutting our faces and almost blinding us, I managed to cling to the carpet and canvas while Miss McLean with a butcher knife cut them loose from the wires. I told her it seemed as though the Evil Spirit was angry at our preparations and had torn then down, but she is not easily daunted, and her sturdy Scotch nature asserted itself, as she replied: "He need not think it, we'll have it up again, and strong, before Sunday." With much love,

AIM-DAY-CO.

P. S.—I send you a copy of the letter which the lame man told us through Steve to send to Go-te-bo.

*My Dear Kiowa Friend:*—It made my heart very happy when my eyes saw the papers of your life that you painted and sent to us.

We are very poor here. We will not raise anything this year it is so dry. We have nothing for the sheep and burros to eat. We want you to pray for us to God to send the rain.

I heard about God, how he made everybody and everything on this earth, and He wants everybody to listen to Him and be kind to each other. My heart is glad on Sunday when many Hopis come to hear about it. I would be glad if you send something to me that you have in your country, so I can see it and know that you are my friend.

Miss McLean and Miss Reeside told us your country is a good country, and how Jesus helped you to get houses and things, and I want it to be that way out here.

I took your letter to the other villages and showed it to them and told them all about it. Some were very happy and said it is good, but some said hard words to me.

I know that what you tell us about Jesus is true, and I want to be always on that road, and I want Steve Quan-es-ty-wah to be on that road.

I was happy and glad when I heard about this and I want to be all the time close to Jesus, and close to the good white people. I shake hands with you.

Your Hopi friend,

LO-MAHN-NAH-KEY-O-MAH.

## PERSECUTIONS.

The lame man has had to endure some hard treatment as a consequence of carrying Go-te-bo's letter around. Aim-day-co writes:

About Go-te-bo's letter. He has been obliged to endure some hard treatment in consequence.

The snake-dance chief, and some of the others, who hold strongly to the old heathen ways, were very angry when they saw the interest which was being awakened among the Hopis. and in what large numbers they attended the Sunday school.

The other afternoon I was alone, as Miss McLean had gone to the village nearest on the mesa. I saw the lame man approaching on his burro. When he made his way painfully into the house I saw at a glance something was wrong. His rather long black hair was in great disorder, and what was left of his shirt hung in several pieces from the neckband. I asked him what had happened, and he said that while he was off in one of the fields trying to help build a dam in order to save some of the water, in case it should ever rain, the snake-dance chief taunted him, and said all manner of hard things to him, and then, growing still more angry, knocked him down and pounded him, bruising him considerably, and tearing his shirt to pieces. Another Indian interfered, and dragged him off, or I suppose he would have injured him more severely. When he finished telling me he was trembling all over with excitement and

a sense of the cruel injustice and his own helplessness. Then he lifted up his voice and wailed as the Indians do only when some one dies or under pressure of very strong emotion. It is pitiful to hear them, for they are usually so self-contained and seldom give way like that. It always makes me cry, so there we both stood and wept. I soon told him to sit down, and gave him some bread and coffee, and told him to make his heart strong for he had been working for Jesus, and He saw it all and would bless him for bearing hard words and blows for Him, and that he must remember how much Jesus bore for his sake.

Next day Miss McLean made him a shirt of red and white calico, and gave him some very good advice. He deplored the loss of his white shirt, which Miss McLean had given him out of a barrel, and which was the first *white* one he had ever had. He secured some work at the Government School—digging, which he could do while sitting—and was paid with flour, which made him very happy.

A day or two later came a letter for him from Go-te-bo, telling him how happy he was to hear that he is trying to find Jesus, and to lead the Hopis to Him. Go-te-bo also sent a beautiful pair of Kiowa moccasins with beads and fringe on them. These delighted him exceedingly, and made him very happy. The Hopis are so poor they cannot afford even a bead on their moccasins, nor would they waste an inch of sheepskin by cutting it in fringe. The bond existing between these two tribes is beautiful, I think; surely the Lord will bless the efforts of the Kiowas on behalf of the Hopis.

DANCE ROCK, WALPI.

## MOKI SNAKE DANCE.

We had heard much of the Moki snake dance and were anxious to witness it. The snake-chief gave notice, which was cried out from the house-top in the village, that in sixteen days the dance would take place. The men belonging to the snake-clan retired to their keva, or underground room, and those of the antelope clan retired to their keva, there to remain for eight days going through the preparatory ceremonies. After these they are said to be immune from the bite of snakes. Then comes the hunting of the snakes. This occupies four days. One day they go towards the north hunting, the next towards the east, the next towards the south, and the next towards the west. The snakes are put into a buckskin bag and carried to the keva, there they are taken out. They are washed by the snake priest, fed with meal and ceremonies performed over them. The members of the clan are provided with snake whips made of two straight feathers. These they pass before the snakes, singing weirdly.

ANTELOPE. PRIEST AT OPENING INTO KEVA.

At last comes the day of the dance. We found ourselves amid a crowd of spectators in one of the plazas, or square courts, of the village of little rock houses on top of the mesa. All the roofs were filled with Indians, large numbers having come from other villages; their bright garments giving picturesque patches of color. Below the rocks of the mesa the sand stretches away in naked barrenness under the fierce sun. No green thing meets the eye, and

> "A burning blazon of blue enamels
> The rainless heaven that arches o'er."

In the courtyard a small closed bower had been made of cotton-wood bushes, which must have been brought a long distance. Near by were the keva of the antelope clan, and the keva of the snake clan. These were distinguished by a ladder protruding from the opening of each which gives entrance to the subterranean room. Across the top of these ladders were placed slender poles to which hung dried birds, skins of small animals, feathers, and what looked like long hair.

The dance occurs shortly before the going down of the sun. Near the opening of the snake keva were placed the implements with which the dens of snakes are opened up when the Indians hunt them.

MOKI SNAKE DANCE.

All eyes were fastened upon the openings of these two kevas. Those taking part in the dance do not taste food or water for twenty-four hours previous. Suddenly the Indians, thirteen in number, emerge from the antelope keva, painted, and with gay scarfs about their loins. They took their places in a line near the little green bower. Each one had a gourd rattle in his hand; they shook these gently, and sang in a weird, soft way. Then the snake priest came from the keva with the bag of snakes, which he deposited in the little green place of concealment. As we looked towards the place from which he came it seemed as though we were beholding demons issuing from the lower regions, and as each one appeared at the top of the ladder he threw meal, which he held in his hand, up into the air as a prayer. One can scarcely imagine any more hideous creatures than these Indians of the snake clan as they took their places opposite to the antelope men. Their paint was not gay but in subdued, snaky colors, all of which were furnished by the earth.

They wore moccasins and anklets of a brownish red, painted with clay, in which there is much iron. About their loins and reaching almost to their knees was a dull-colored scarf, painted in zigzag design to represent the great serpent. Their bodies were painted with the dull, reddish brown, with a pink clay, and with black. Their faces were given a most sinister and awful look by having the forehead daubed with pink clay, while all around the eyes and

the lower part of the face was covered by the dead black produced by the soot of burnt corn.

All wore a bunch of dull-colored feathers tied to their scalps, and those who had long hair wore it flowing upon their bare back.

Having arranged themselves in a line opposite to the antelope men, with joined hands, these swayed their bodies in time to the singing and shaking of rattles. The aged snake-chief went to the bower and took out the bag of snakes. He put in his hand and took out a rattlesnake about three feet long. This he handed to the man next him, who seized it firmly and then placed it between his lips a few inches below the head. With both hands he stroked its writhing body, and the snake seemed to swell with anger. This Indian began to walk around in a circle, followed by another who made mysterious passes with the feathers he held in his hand. Meanwhile the priest kept distributing the snakes and soon they were all given out.

I counted eleven rattlesnakes and two very long whip-snakes. I never expect to see anything more loathsome and horrible than this procession of hideous creatures each with a snake head protruding from the side of his mouth and the long, pendant body held in his hands.

When an Indian completed the circle he placed his snake upon the ground. The serpent rattled, ran out the tongue, and showed every symptom of rage, but was quickly picked up by another Indian.

It is a well-known fact that the rattlesnake cannot strike with the fangs unless he first coils, and the manner in which the Indians handle them with marvelous rapidity to prevent this, is truly wonderful.

At the end of about fifteen minutes all the snakes had been put down and taken up in this way. Then the Indians stopped and threw the serpents on the same spot. They formed a hideous mass which the priest sprinkled with meal. The Indians thrust their hands into the writhing mass of serpents, and took what came to them. With the snakes in their hands they separated, and ran to the four points of the compass, and when they had gone far enough for the snakes not to be a danger to the village they released them among the rocks. Before returning, these men washed the paint from their bodies. Then they returned to the keva where food was taken to them for a feast.

The snakes are supposed to go and tell the Pol-le-lah-kong-wah, or great snake-chief, who lives underground and controls all waters, how well they have been treated, and ask him to send rain, and keep the springs full. I felt as though I had been witnessing a performance in honor of that Old Serpent, and the gross darkness of it seemed too deep for light to penetrate, but there came to my mind the promise that the "seed of the woman should crush the serpent's head" and also the words, "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness even so must the Son of Man be lifted up." AIM-DAY-CO.

It will be remembered that Moki is sometimes spelled Moqui, and is one name for the Hopi Indians. [Ed.]

HOPI MOTHER AND CHILD.

## HOPI SUPERSTITIONS AND CHILDREN.

The Hopi religion contains no thought of sin, and is one mass of superstitions.

When a child is born it is kept in the dark for nineteen days. On the morning of the twentieth day a name is given it, its head is washed, three ears of corn are passed over its body and tied by its side, that it may never be hungry through life, and it is carried out to greet the rising sun, when a prayer is made to the sun for its blessing upon the little one. In an earthen bowl are placed corn, piki, meal, and mutton. This is thrown out on the rocks where the bowl breaks, scattering the contents, an offering to the spirits. All the spirits must be appeased.

At a certain time of year they uncover an opening in the ground by removing plaster and rocks. In this are placed offerings to the bad spirits who live down below, then it is sealed up again.

There are spirits that live in the fire. When the first handful of batter spread on the hot, flat piki stone is baked, the woman takes it off and throws it in the fire as an offering to the fire spirits.

In the snakes reside the water spirits. Nothing will induce a Hopi to kill a snake.

There is a great snake chief that lives somewhere underground and controls all water supplies. Often we notice meal sprinkled at the edge of the spring, and prayer sticks, with feathers attached, stuck in the rocks above the water as offerings to the water spirits.

There is a snake clan who perform the ceremonies belonging to the snakes, and in August occurs the great snake dance.

A HOPI FATHER CARRYING THE BABY.

There are no dances in winter, as the Katchenas are supposed to have gone home to spirit-land.

In winter the Katchenas are busy in the kevas, making and painting masks, and making small representatives of Katchenas, as dolls for the children. These are hideous looking objects with horns and great goggle eyes, enough to frighten white children into hysterics.

A KATCH-E-NA WITH MASK REMOVED.
(A human representative.)

A KATCH-E-NA MASKED.

In February the bean-dance occurs, which celebrates the return of the Katchenas.

It is then that the children are made acquainted with the Katchenas. Their hair is cut, and they are taken down into the kevas. Sometimes the Katchenas administer a whipping to the children so that they may be duly impressed by their power, and so frightened that they will not make known to the smaller children who have not yet been presented to the Katchenas, that these are really not spirits, but only men, and some of them their own relations. Next day the Katchenas, in paint, and masks, and feathers, walk through the village and present to each child a few beans and a doll.

It behooves Hopi children to be good and obey their parents, grind meal, and carry the babies about on their backs. If they are not the Katchenas

HOPI CHILDREN AT HOME.

will know it, and at the next dance they will receive no presents of little cakes on a string, or colored eggs.

One Katchena wears a mask with great rolling eyes, and a mouth that opens horribly. He carries a huge knife and a rope. He walks through the village, and at different houses demands the children to bring him meal, or meat, or piki. The knife and rope are much in evidence to impress them with a fear of what their fate might be if they disobey. Fancy the poor little children shrinking in terror. The impressions made on their young minds are hard to eradicate, and when they grow up they retain a mighty respect for the Katchenas. The boys look forward to being a Katchena, and the girls to working and preparing offerings for them.

At intervals through the next four or five months the Katchenas of the various villages have dances. All the villagers attend, and there is a feast of corn, mutton, and piki.

These dances are ceremonies to bring rain. If the rain fails to come, no blame attaches to the Katchenas, but it is because some one has been stingy and has not given presents to the Katchenas, or some one has an angry heart, and this has driven the clouds away.

The dancers look like representatives from the lower regions, with their horrid masks and hideously painted bodies. About the first of July a dance is held, at the close of which the Katchenas disappear among the rocks and are lost to sight. They are supposed to have gone home to the spirit-land through the clefts of the rocks.

It is into this gross darkness the Christian workers have gone, telling of a Saviour who died hundreds of years ago, and whom none of them have ever seen with their eyes. From a human standpoint, it looks impossible; but with God nothing is impossible. It shows the miraculous power of the Holy Spirit against the hosts of darkness. The Cross conquers wherever it is carried, and its pure light is beginning to shine even in some of these darkened hearts.

AIM-DAY-CO.

## MISS WILLIAMS.

Miss Adella Williams graduated from the Baptist Missionary Training School, June 24, 1902, and very heartily accepted her appointment as Miss McLean's associate in missionary work among the Hopis of Arizona. She reached the field August 25th, and we will let her tell of first experiences and impressions.

## MISS WILLIAMS'S FIRST MESSAGE.

(Written September 1, 1902.)

I hardly know where to begin. It seems to me I began right in the middle of things a week ago, when we had really climbed the last hill, and were actually at Sunlight Mission. There was no mistaking it, for there was the bell tower, and there too was Miss McLean in white apron and sun-bonnet, waiting to welcome us.

During the first two or three days after my arrival, everybody was in deep preparation for the snake-dance—the great event of the season. The women were boiling hominy and baking pi-ki (pee-kee), while the men were off at their gardens (many of them fifteen or twenty miles away) to bring in a scant supply of onions, melons, and green corn. Poor things, it was really pathetic the effort they made to try to have something like a feast, in spite of the lack of materials for one. One man, who seems deeply interested and genuinely anxious to learn more about the "Jesus road," and who has really suffered considerable persecution because of his loyalty, stopped on the way to his garden, to tell us that we were to have some of the onions and green corn when he got back; and sure enough, that evening as we were coming home from a visit to Shupaliva, the second village (his home is in Ma-shong-na-vi, the first village), he spied us half way down the mesa, and called us back. We followed him into the house. In a large bowl on the floor were some three or four dozen onions with the tops on, and beside them, half a bushel of unhusked corn. He carefully selected six or eight of the very biggest and nicest onions, while his wife picked out as many ears of corn. They seemed so happy to give us something, the very best that they had. I confess I'm not specially partial to onions, and there were only two or three ears of the corn sufficiently large to use, but truly, few presents have ever seemed to me more valuable than those half-dozen onions and skimpy little ears of corn, but they meant so much to those poor Indians.

We went to the snake dance at Shupaliva, Friday. Miss Reeside has written you about the one that she attended at Oriba, so I won't undertake to describe it. Two of our young men, who attend Sunday School regularly, and are doing some very serious thinking, were in it. It seems they are compelled to take part if called upon; if they refused they would probably be obliged to leave the village. They looked very sober and much troubled when they found how badly we felt because they took part in the dance. Miss McLean was afraid they might stay away from Sunday School last Sunday in consequence, so she sent them a special invitation to come, and they came. After the morning service she took Steve, our interpreter, and had a good, long talk with them. At first they seemed puzzled as to why we

felt so badly, when, as they said, all the other white people who went to the dance, seemed to be happy, and said it was a fine dance. That is one great trouble. Most of the white people who go to these dances look upon them simply as a spectacle, and praise the bravery of the Indians in handling the snakes so fearlessly; so naturally they come to feel that the white people consider it a praiseworthy performance. Miss McLean tried to make it very clear to them that it was the wrong road, the road that led right away from the Jesus road down to the place where all was dark and there was no joy; so it made us very sad to see them walking in it, because we are their friends, and we love Jesus; that it makes us very happy to know Him, so we wanted them to know Him too. They listened with very serious faces, and I think they understood, and that they really want to walk in the right road; but they are so ignorant and superstitious; and yet, there is much that is encouraging. Many of them are earnest and appreciative, and listen attentively when we talk to them; but they need so many things, and we have so little to help them with materially.

## WATER! WATER!

They are under way at last, both the well and the addition to the house. Day before yesterday two Hopis began work on the well, and to-day we added a third to the force. Mr. Viets thinks that is as many as can work to advantage. The well will have to be dug entirely by hand, for they say it would take a mint of money to get machinery out here; however, the Hopis are making good headway. They have already dug a hole twenty feet deep and eight feet in diameter. Mr. Viets has a well in process of construction over near Toreva. They have gone down forty feet in his, but no water as yet; however, they think the indications for water better in ours. We are having it dug entirely in accordance with his plan, and are paying at the rate of 50 cents a foot for the first ten feet, and $1.00 per foot for the next twenty feet. It may be necessary to pay more if we are obliged to go deeper. The Hopis are so eager about the well, and are working so hard upon it. Miss Reeside wrote in her last letter, that Miss Patton is very enthusiastic about it, and has strongly hinted that if we succeed in getting a good one soon she may donate a windmill.

Last Tuesday four double teams started from Oriiba for the lumber for our house. It will probably be here by the middle of next week. Mr. Viets came over last evening to drive the corner stakes and stretch the lines, preparatory to having the foundation laid. He is very particular and exact in all his work, and so we feel quite confident that everything will be plumb and proper, since he has kindly consented to superintend the construction of all of the difficult parts. The Hopis will do all of the work. They are very happy over such an opportunity to earn money. If only they could be supplied with work all winter, it would be such a blessing. They are a patient, persevering, grateful people, and it is a privilege to be with them, in spite of the desolation and the isolation, the filth and the superstition.

ADELLA WILLIAMS.

P. S.—Thursday evening.—About an hour ago, since writing the above, a Hopi burst into the laundry where Miss McLean and I were looking over some things, and excitedly pointing down to the well, exclaimed, "goo'ia! goo'ia!" (water! water!). We hurried down to investigate, and sure enough, there, at the bottom of the hole was a little pool of water, twenty-two feet down. It remains to be seen how abundant the water will be, but the prospect is very encouraging. The man who has taken the lead in the digging, one of our most earnest and faithful young men, seeing our delight at the appearance of water looked up with the simplicity and ingenuousness of a child, and said, "Jesus will be happy, too." A. W.

HOPIS AT WORK ON BUILDING AT SUNLIGHT MISSION.

## HOPIS BUILDING AND ENDURING HARDNESS.

*Dear Friends:*—We are in the midst of house-building. The laundry, in which we have been holding our Sunday meetings, is much too small for our Hopi audiences, and during the winter it would be quite impossible to have "overflow meetings" on the ground outside, as we have been doing during the warm weather, so we are adding two rooms to our cottage. When they are finished, we shall take out the partition between our present bedroom and storeroom, and put a large sliding door into the partition which separates them from the kitchen, so that the whole of the cottage proper may be used

for a chapel. The cottage is made of wood, but the new rooms are to be of lime-stone, put together with adobe mortar.

The Hopis are doing all of the work. They understand building with stone quite well, for their own houses are made of stone and adobe; but, of course, they have never been accustomed to the use of a square, or a plumb-line, or a level, so it is necessary for one of us to be with them constantly, to direct the work. Miss McLean does this, while I keep house, and take charge of the Women's and Children's meetings and incidentals.

The Hopis are eager for work—for a chance to earn something. They do need it so much, we are glad to have a little work to give them, but it is *very* little among so many, and almost every day we are obliged to send some away disappointed, because there is not enough to go around.

I wish you could see the Hopis at work on the house. They take so much interest and pride in it, and are very anxious to have it look just as well as if it had been built by "bahanas" (white men). And they *are* doing the work so well, in spite of the fact that they have only a scant supply of inferior tools, and nothing to eat but "piki" (a very dry corn-bread) three times a day. We would gladly add something, if we could, but our own larder has been a good deal like Old Mother Hubbard's cupboard for two or three weeks. We ordered supplies seven weeks ago, but they have not come yet. It is very hard to get teams to bring them from Holbrook, the nearest railroad station, a hundred miles away; for the entire route lies through a desert, and there is only one place in the whole distance where water can be had for a team. The cost of transporting things, in any quantity, is enormous. We were obliged to use $100 of the building money, which the society has sent us, just for the hauling of the lumber for our two new rooms; and there is not a great deal of it either, for they are to be plastered with adobe, upon the stone. But it took sixteen mules and four men ten days to get it here, the roads through the sand are so very heavy.

While there are these disadvantages in being so far from civilization, still we have much to be thankful for. The Hopis are becoming more and more interested in the truth. We believe that already a number of them are Christians. The lame man, of whom Miss Reeside wrote in Tidings, has had to endure a good many hard words because of his loyalty to the "Jesus road," but he seems to grow stronger each day. Nor is he the only one. Several others have been persecuted in the same way, but their continued faithfulness makes our hearts glad.

Lodge, the young man who has taken the lead in the well digging, seeing our delight when they struck water, said, with the simplicity and unaffectedness of a child, "Jesus will be happy, too." And later, when the well caved in and almost buried him alive, instead of attaching some superstitious significance to the accident, he seemed to feel only that Jesus had taken care of him, and spared his life. And so we feel that the Lord is blessing the Hopis, spiritually, and that He will take care of them in material things, too; that, in spite of the utter failure of all of their crops this year, because of the

drought, He will not suffer them to go hungry, but will put it into the hearts of His more fortunate children, to send them what they need.

ADELLA WILLIAMS.

*Miss McLean* says: "I'm willing to work hard if you will only let me keep out of Tidings. For all that we hope our good missionary will forgive us for publishing this little scrap from her last report which we shall introduce with the headline

BUILDING CHARACTERS.

I am very proud of the Hopis working on the building. They are intensely interested, and do not act a bit as if they were working for money. The one who inspires all the others to do their best, is the young man who came so near losing his life in the well. It seems as if he is all the time thinking of what he can do for us. Sundays he is always on hand, and will not leave until the place is tidied up, and even the dooryard swept. Sometimes, after a hard day's work on the building, he will quietly put things to rights in the laundry.

The men are taking such a pride in doing good work that I could not ask them *not* to do it so well. As far as the house and our comforts are concerned, I do not care if it was not so well built. The men are doing a work that will give them a personal interest in the mission. They are also doing a faithful work that cannot help telling on their characters. They will be better men for giving their best work.

It is interesting to hear them while at work, whistle "Jesus loves me," or sing snatches of other gospel tunes, as their rude tools trim the stones. And I keep thinking that God is at work trimming their lives and hearts for a bright place in his kingdom.

Yours with love, MARY MCLEAN.

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